

THE DAYSPRING.

"THE DAYSPRING FROM ON HIGH HATH VISITED US."

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HAVING FUN.

NOW is the time of vacations; all the schools are closed until September, and children have many weeks for recreation before them. Most of them will be away from home a part of the time; some, all the time. Some will be at the sea-shore, others at the mountains, and others at fine old farm-houses, where they will see horses, cattle, and sheep, and have plenty of milk and berries to eat, and nice fun driving cows and hunting eggs and roaming over pleasant fields.

In the picture you see a whole family of Boston children. They are spending their vacation on their uncle's farm in New Hampshire. Their name is Smith; but there are so many Smiths in Boston that you are hardly the wiser for being told this. But no matter about their name, or the street where they live. The picture tells you they are having a splendid time. The grass has been mown on the side of the hill in the

field back of the house. It is made into hay, and raked up ready to go into the barn. The great ox-team is in the field, and men are loading it. Nothing could suit the Smith children better than to be around at such a time. They all rode on the hay-cart when it was driven into the field; then they helped load until the load became so high that they could help no longer; now they are having a grand frolic with some of the hay left to be hauled the next load. Three of them are almost hidden from sight. One of them — little Mary — is so hidden that you can see only her face and left hand, and her brother John seems to be trying to hide her completely.

Many good times await the Smith children on their uncle's farm this summer. The pure air of the country will help give them health and vigor, and when they go back to the city in September they will be ready for another year in school. We hope all our young readers will have as pleasant a vacation.

For The Dayspring.

SUN-SPOTS.

BY ABBIE M. GANNETT.



DEAR! my gingerbread's burnt. I can't eat it," cried Willie.

"It's only a little bit scorched; so's mine, but I'm going to eat it just the same," said Flora.

"Who can enjoy gingerbread with the top all black? Why, I read the other day that at those nice country fairs they used to have in England, they had gilt gingerbread, real gilt; just think of it! How nice it must be to eat a square of gilt gingerbread!"

"And I read the other day that kings and queens have gold crowns, real gold crowns," said Flora mockingly. "How nice it must be to wear one! It makes me feel as if I never wanted to wear my straw hat again."

"You need n't make fun of me," returned Willie. "You may like burnt gingerbread, but I don't." Nevertheless he began to eat his piece, and he appeared to relish it. The cake was only slightly scorched, as Flora had said, and it is probable it was quite as nice as if it had been gilt.

"O Flora! there are some clouds coming up!" exclaimed Willie at length. "What if it should rain, and our holiday be spoiled! Dear! I actually think it will rain."

"Wait till it does before you cry. For my part, I am going out in the garden to have a good time before it comes," said Flora gayly.

"It does n't look like rain one bit," she added, as they came out of doors. "Will, you are always looking for something wrong."

"Am I? Well, mark my word, it will rain before half an hour."

But it did not; no rain, indeed, fell that day.

"Let's gather bouquets," said Flora.

They began selecting flowers from their little garden beds, which were bright with portulacas and China pinks and pansies.

"I hate these little short-stemmed things!" cried Willie in about five minutes, and throwing down the bunch he had gathered, "Why can't we have nice long-stemmed flowers like the peonies and lilies?"

"Oh, I'd much rather have these," said Flora, "these last all summer, and peonies and lilies bloom only a little while. Will, I never did see such a boy to find flaws in things."

"Flaws? These things have no stems at all. But if you enjoy it, go on picking them. For my part, I'll go in and see if mother has come home with my new suit."

But Willie found nothing in this direction that

pleased him better. The pretty summer suit his mother had been at such pains to select, he declared was just like that the washerwoman's boy wore, and he never could be seen in them.

"Why, my dear Willie, you surely cannot object to this stylish suit," said his mother.

Here Flora came in with her bouquet. "Oh, what a pretty suit!" she exclaimed.

"Just like Mark Griffin's!" said Willie.

"Oh no, indeed! It's only about the same shade, mother; or rather, Mark's was the same shade before it got so very soiled," laughed Flora.

"It's near enough to spoil all my pleasure in wearing the suit," persisted Willie.

"I think Willie always finds some fault with everything," remarked Flora.

"You said that once before to-day," said Willie; and, displeased, he left the room.

It was some time during the next day that Flora having occasion to go into her brother's room, found him busy washing his face. As he was rubbing it vigorously, she was induced to ask him why he was doing so.

"There are as many as half a dozen freckles on my cheeks, and I am trying to rub them off."

"You can't rub freckles off!"

"I must. They look dreadfully. I can't take any comfort thinking they are there."

"O Willie!" laughed Flora. "And I can't believe they are of any consequence at all. I never have noticed them."

"I guess you would n't like freckles on your face;" and Willie rubbed harder than ever.

"I should n't let them spoil my comfort if I did have them," said Flora, going off.

But they did spoil Willie's, especially when he learned from his mother that nothing except keeping in-doors would remove them; of course he could not consent to that.

Willie's father bought him a new ball that evening, a fine large one that he had long coveted.

Flora found him sitting most dejectedly with it in his hands.

"What is the matter now?"

"My ball is n't round!"

"It certainly looks neither square nor oval," cried Flora. "It looks as round as an apple."

"Round as an apple, deep as a cup,
Something in the middle goes whippety whop."

Guess!"

"You need n't put your silly churn riddles to me," said Willie, in an injured tone. "The ball is *not* round. If you don't believe me, see here. Here are two pieces of string I have measured it with. They both go around it, one in a different way from the other, and one is full a quarter of an inch the longest."

"What a shame!"

"Of course it is. Would n't you feel disappointed with such a ball?"

"So much so I should probably weep. Why don't you 'cause the briny tear to flow' at once?"

Then Flora, fearing that she would hurt her brother's feelings by her raillery, went away; she dearly loved him, despite his foolish fault, and always tried to check her inclination to laugh at him, although, as we have seen, she did not always do so at once.

The next afternoon Willie was occupying himself in his mother's room. Mrs. Snelling was busy sewing, and had not noticed what he was doing. Flora came in.

"What in the world is that, Willie?"

"A piece of smoked glass. I am going to see if there are sun-spots."

"Oh dear, dear me!" cried Flora, with a great burst of laughter, "he is n't satisfied with what is out of joint in this world, but he must go looking for what is wrong in the sun. O Will! And I suppose if you find them, you will never be happy in the sunshine afterwards!"

Flora grew so exceedingly merry over the idea, Willie was obliged to defend himself by declaring he was not going to look for sun-spots to find fault with them. But he looked very foolish as he made his explanation.

"Come here, Willie," said Mrs. Snelling, laying down her work. "I wish, with all my heart, Flora's ridicule was always as little to the point as it is now. I wish you would break yourself of your bad habit. But your habit of finding fault with nearly everything that concerns you is growing so strong, I fear something besides ridicule will need to be used to cure you of it. I really think that on almost every occasion when you are made unhappy by some flaw that you seem to see it is just as unreasonable for you to be so, as, had you found the sun spots, for you then to have thought there was something the matter with the sunshine and become unhappy over it.

"My dear boy, do take this as a plain statement of the case. Resolve now to overcome this fault before it is too late. Check your first inclination to see flaws; and when there really are any pass them by and look for the merits which will be sure to exist. If you persevere in this, after a while you will have as little trouble in seeing the merits, as you now have in detecting the flaws."

"Well, mother," said Willie, drawing a long breath, "I'll try to follow your advice, although I am afraid I shall find it hard."

"Let me give you a hint towards making it easy," said Flora. "The moment you are going to speak of a fault, whisper to yourself, 'sun-spots.'"

In private, watch your *thoughts*; in the family, watch your *temper*; in company, watch your *tongue*.

For The Dayspring.

TALKS ABOUT INSECTS.

BY WALTER N. EVANS.

III.



IFE would certainly be less attractive than it is if we were compelled to remain always in the same place; and certainly it would be so with many insects. But they have wonderful organs of locomotion, and it is to these we must now turn our attention. They are attached to the "thorax," or chest, as we have called it, and consist, first, of one pair, or at most of two pairs, of wings. These wings are very wonderful instruments, consisting of a double layer of membrane, or, as it were, the skin of the body extended from above and from below, and stretched over powerful veins, or rather muscles; for there is no circulation of blood in the wings after they are fully developed; and any damage occurring to these delicate organs cannot, therefore, be repaired. Think of this, when you take hold of an insect, to examine it in its living state; be very careful not to damage any of its parts, especially its wings. A broken bone with you can be mended, but the broken wing of an insect can never be repaired.



WING OF AN INSECT (Magnified).

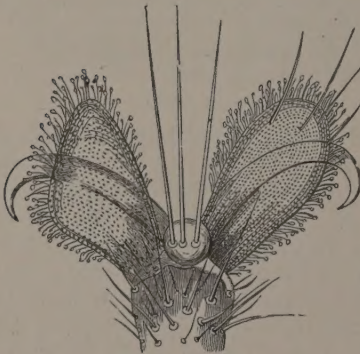
It has been said that "the highest problem of animal mechanics is solved in the insects; and the entire body and its appendages can be lifted from the ground and propelled through the air." As you know, this is true also of birds; but when we consider the speed at which they move through the air, comparing the space passed over with the length of the body (which is the only method of estimating the relative speed), insects far surpass the swiftest birds in their powers of flight. The common house-fly moves its wings 600 strokes in a second, which carries it forward five yards; and if it is alarmed, it can fly over a space of thirty-five feet in a second (about 1,120 times its own length), or at the rate of about twenty-two miles an hour. Now a boy a little over five feet high, running the same number of times his own height in a second, would go at the rate of a mile in each second, or 3,600 miles in an hour. This will give you some idea of the speed of a house-fly; and he moves but slowly in comparison with some other insects.

These wonderful wings of insects are such very distinctive organs, that they form the chief basis of classi-

fication. Unfortunately for those who do not understand Greek, the names of the different species are given in that language. We cannot, however, learn much about either insects or anything else, without some trouble; so here are the names of the orders, with their various meanings attached; and all turned into simple verse to assist the memory.

CLASSIFICATION OF INSECTS.

COLEOPTERA. Sheath-winged.	First come the BEETLES, with SHEATHS to their wings;
ORTHOPTERA. Straight-winged.	Then CRICKETS and LOCUSTS are STRAIGHT-winged things.
NEUROPTERA. Nerve-winged.	NERVE-wings (or net-like) the DRAGON-FLIES bear;
HYMENOPTERA. Membrane-winged.	And quite a stout MEMBRANE the BEES and ANTS share.
STREPSIPTERA. Twisted-winged.	The TWISTED-winged STYLOPS you'll perhaps never view;
LEPIDOPTERA. Scale-winged.	But the BUTTERFLIES' SCALES are of beautiful hue.
HEMIPTERA. Half-winged.	The PLANT-LICE and CUCKOO-SPIT HALF-winged we name;
DIPTERA. Two-winged.	And TWO-winged the FLIES, and the GNATS we can't tame.
APTERA. Without wings.	And the last are WITHOUT wings; and are they not these,—
	The CENTIPEDES, SPRING-TAILS, and troublesome FLEAS?



FOOT OF A FLY (Magnified).

are to walk. Like the wings, the legs are attached to the thorax, or chest; the wings to the upper, the legs to the lower side. The foot is always of interesting construction,—sometimes furnished with single claws; sometimes with double ones, as in the house-fly; and sometimes with two double claws, delicately hinged, almost like the claw of a lobster, as in the bee. In addition to these claws, many insects, as the fly tribe, are furnished with very wonderful appendages called “pulvilli,” or cushions, which enable them to walk over a perfectly smooth surface, set in an upright position,

as a pane of glass, or upon the ceiling. These pulvilli consist of a membranous substance, covered with minute hairs, each hair being a hollow tube, with a bell-shaped



SPIDER'S FOOT WITH COMB-LIKE CLAWS (Magnified).

end. The exact way in which these are used is not certainly known, but it is believed to be something in this manner: the pulvilli are pressed tightly against the glass or the ceiling so as to push out the air from under them, and a minute quantity of moisture is forced down each hair, which, spreading round the bell-shaped end, prevents the air getting in again; and the pressure of the outer air holds the insect firmly to the spot. By some it is believed that the pressure of the air would scarcely be enough for this, and that the fluid which flows down the “tenent-hairs” is rather sticky; and this stickiness, added to the pressure of the air, is quite sufficient to hold the creature up. As the hold of the “tenent-hairs” is loosed, the air rushes in, and carries the moisture into the hollow tube again, so that no mark is left upon the place where the insect has walked.

I must now tell you something of the “metamorphoses,” or the series of changes through which insects pass. The higher insects “undergo a complete metamorphosis;” in other words, they have four stages of existence: 1st, the egg; 2d, the larva (or mask); 3d, the pupa (or baby); and 4th, the imago (or perfect winged insect).

The perfect insect lays its eggs in a place in which the young, when they are hatched, will find the food that is proper for their sustenance, as the parent will not be at hand to supply their wants. Frequently these places are such as the perfect insect could not inhabit: thus the nut weevil, by means of a horny sort of bill it possesses, drills a hole into a nut which is growing, and there deposits its eggs; so that when the young ones are born, they find food and a house to live in already prepared for them. The botflies deposit their eggs on the parts of animals which will be licked, and in this way insure their being carried into the interior of the animal. The ichneumon fly deposits its eggs in the body of a living caterpillar. When hatched the larvæ begin to feed upon their victim, avoiding the vital parts, till they are ready to leave him; when these parts are devoured, the caterpillar dies, and the larvæ of the ichneumon are ready for another home. The eggs of gnats and mosquitos are dropped into water. The following extract is taken

from a most interesting and useful work on "Insects Injurious to Vegetation," by Thaddeus William Harris, M.D.; published by order of the Massachusetts Legislature. On page 4 we read: "The little fish-like animals that swim about in vessels of stagnant water, and devour the living atoms that swarm in the same situations, soon come to maturity, cast their skins, and take another form, wherein they remain rolled up like a ball, and either float at the surface of the water, for the purpose of breathing through the two tunnel-shaped tubes on the top of their backs, or, if disturbed, suddenly uncurl their bodies, and whirl over and over from one side of the vessel to the other. In the course of a few days these little water-tumblers are ready for another transformation: the skin splits on the back between the breathing tubes; the head, body, and limbs of a mosquito suddenly burst from the opening; the slender legs rest on the empty skin till the latter fills with water and sinks; when the insect abandons its native element, spreads its tiny wings, and flies away, piping its war-note, and thirsting for the blood which its natural weapons enable it to draw from its unlucky victims."

Some insects do not undergo the complete metamorphosis that has been described, but issue from the egg in a condition differing little from that of the perfect insect, except that it has no wings. There are no insects which possess wings when they issue from the egg; and insects *do not grow* after they reach the winged state. The little flies you see will not grow into big ones.

For The Dayspring.

NEW AMSTERDAM PEOPLE.

BY REV. ALBERT WALKLEY.



IF we had left Boston about the year 1635 and sailed out on the Atlantic, then west through what is now Long Island Sound, we should have come to an island called Manhattan. On the island would be found a settlement of people from Holland. They were Dutch; they called their town New Amsterdam, in memory of Amsterdam, the great city in Holland.

When we, in imagination, were in New Amsterdam, one Wouter van Twiller was governor. When we saw him we thought, What a strange governor he is!—so different from Endicott and Winthrop. The people laughed at him; we could not keep from laughing also. One of the company, the brightest of us, measured him in his mind and said, "He is five feet six inches in height and six feet five inches in circumference." The governor seemed to take the world easy; government sat lightly on his shoulders; his face was "a vast ex-

panse, unfurrowed by any of those lines and angles which disfigure the human countenance."

We all felt free; we felt we could laugh and be jolly, so different from Salem and Boston. It therefore happened one day that the wit of our company tried his hand at a joke. He began in broad daylight to sing,—

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder who you are;
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky."

When we asked him the meaning of this attempt at wit, he replied, "Did you not see how the governor's two small gray eyes twinkled feebly in the midst of his expansive face, like two stars of lesser magnitude in a hazy firmament?" The young man who when in Boston was reproved for smoking, stood up for the governor; "For" said he, "there is one good thing about him: he smokes except when eating and sleeping." This smoker of the company was more at home in New Amsterdam than in Salem or Boston.

There was great disorder in the settlement under this inefficient governor. One of the brave men who despised the worthless Van Twiller told us that when the English, contrary to the governor's command, sailed up the Hudson, all that he did was to collect the people in the fort and treat them to wine, asking them to pledge themselves as lovers of the Prince of Orange.

The minister of the town was one Dominie Everardus Bogardus. He was not unlike the ministers in Boston in some things. The doctrines preached were alike, but he was not so hard on amusements. He did not like the governor's actions, his drinking and general bad conduct. The Dominie was not a very gentle person, but spoke out his mind; so one day in his wrath he called the governor a "child of the devil," and he promised to give him "such a shake from the pulpit on the next Sunday, as would make him shudder." Richly he deserved the shaking,—and he got it; for when the Dominie was aroused he was terrible. We were not so particular about going to church as when we were in Boston; the world went easier with us. When in Boston we imagined the people there thought it was their business to reform the world; in New Amsterdam, people seemed to have the idea that in religion most folks could take care of themselves.

The houses were built for comfort, so we thought; they were of wood, with gable ends of brick. We saw no brick-yards, and we asked where the bricks came from. "From Holland," was the answer. Then the large front porch where we were invited to sit down called forth warm praise. The large brass knocker on the door was meant for use as well as ornament. But there was a great deal of ornament about it; so bright, so hideous also! For just to what family or species in the animal world it belonged, not one of our company could tell. It was in the shape of an animal

that much was settled. Our wit said, "It is a special creation, and upsets all theories of evolution."

But when we were taken into the house, the confusion of looks and astonished but half-uttered "Oh's!" and "Oh, my's!" reached a climax. These "Oh's!" and "Oh, my's" came from the young women of our company; the cause of this astonishment was the uncarpeted floors, which were as white as white could be. We verily believe that the first article in every housewife's religion was, "I believe in keeping the house perfectly clean." Then the parlor was perfection. Our company was not allowed to enter; there were too many of us. But we heard afterwards that once a week the mistress and maid would enter this "sacred apartment," and that before entering they would take off their shoes and leave them at the door. The young men felt a little put out at not seeing the parlor; "Dreadful particular they are," said one. But the housewife was promptly defended by the most promising housekeeper in our party. "I don't blame her a bit; she don't want everything tossed up by you boys." "Boys!" said the young men of sixteen, eighteen, and twenty.

If to keep the house clean was the first article of the housewife's creed, the first duty of the men was to smoke: "Thou shalt smoke, morning, noon, and night." For smoke all the men did; the pipe was as indispensable to the men as the brush and broom were to the housekeepers.

AN EXAMPLE FOR BOYS.

BY ELIZABETH P. CHANNING.



DEAR boys, I will tell you this Sunday afternoon of one whom I dearly love, one whom I know to have been a good boy and a good man. He was born in Newport, Rhode Island, May 6, 1789, and died at the age of nearly ninety-two years, Jan. 16, 1881. His father died when George was only four years old, leaving George's mother, at the age of forty, with the care of three daughters and six sons. She was poor in worldly goods, but rich in mind and heart, and brought her children up in the fear of God and the love of man.

George was sickly at first, but his mother made up her mind that he should live, and dipped him in cold water daily. He did not forget the plunge, and said of it in old age, "In this icy grave I was daily buried; but these immersions worked well—worked to a charm." I shudder to think of it, for at the sea-shore I never gathered courage to rush in at once, but, stepping in inch by inch, got a chill instead of a glow. I think little George must have been strong in some way, or the icy bath would have killed him. As soon as he was old enough he was put on the home farm, and taught

to milk the cows, feed the pig, ride the horse to pasture, and dig the earth. He ate chiefly bread-and-milk. He did not like being on the farm. He used to say to himself, "Why should I drudge all the time, and my brothers only work on the farm once in a while?" But in the end he blessed his mother for helping him to gain the health that made his long life happy. He grew up with a robust form, perfect digestion, powerful voice, abundant hair, ruddy complexion, sound, beautiful teeth, and lived longer than any of his family. Remember this, boys, when you feel inclined to complain of what your parents wish you to do. They are older, they know better than you.

George had his childish troubles, just as you have. His mother being poor, it was not convenient to put him into jacket and trousers, with delightful pockets, as early as he wished; and to his disgust he was made to wear calico robes that his elder sisters had outgrown. As he grew older it was a daily trial that his mother forbade her boys going into the sea without some grown-up person with them. Newport is a sea-faring place, and swimming and diving were the delights of the Channings, who took to the water like ducks. The noble elder brother, William Ellery, obeyed his mother; but the younger ones were not strong enough to resist the temptation, though they knew that when their mother passed her hand through their hair they would be sent supperless to bed. At times, when they were allowed to go into the water, a rich relative would throw half dollars into the sea, and the one who found them, by diving, became the happy possessor.

To Easton's Pond to skate was another stolen delight; and early one morning Walter would have been drowned but for little George's presence of mind and bravery in rescuing him from the water. I believe they were punished all the same on their return home late in the day. Their mother had to be strict for two parents, and Walter's escape and George's bravery did not blind her to their disobedience. Her children honored as well as loved her, and, in teaching them to obey, she taught them self-command. George once said he knew it would please the relative for whom he was named, if, when he asked him what his name was, he omitted his surname, and answered, "George Gibbs." My dear boys, I wonder if you and I have n't some such weakness? George, too, was vain of his magnificent voice, and he fairly strained it in speaking vessels from the wharf.

But he was exposed to worse temptations. He was taught by weak and wicked men to chew tobacco. Think of little fellows sickened by the disgusting weed, leaning up against the wall for support. Newport, in George's young days, was much given to bad practices, to chewing tobacco, drinking grog (as spirit was then called), and to swearing. The Channing boys did not commit the last two sins, but some of the younger ones did form the filthy habit of using tobacco. In middle life, spurred to it by the word of a noble woman, George

achieved one of the greatest moral triumphs of his life, carrying the tobacco-box in his pocket, but never touching its contents with his lips. When cured, his disgust at the habit knew no bounds. In season and out of season, he pleaded with men to give it up, as leading to drink, and to a weakened body and mind. Many felt his earnestness; one man blessed him for restoring his health, and preserving his life, by persuading him to give up the use of tobacco. In the March "Dayspring" there was an article by a Sunday-school teacher telling how she brought her class of boys to resolve not to smoke cigars till they were twenty-one years of age, when she might be pretty sure they would not smoke at all. Why, boys, the governments of France and Germany talk of forbidding the use of tobacco till after the age of sixteen, for they fear that tobacco is dwarfing their young men. I presume none of you care to be dwarfs, so that is a lesser motive for not forming the pernicious habit. Perhaps you will say, "This is a free country, we can do as we please." I hope it will never be free enough for you to do wrong with impunity. Perhaps you will say, "It is manly to smoke! I should not think of chewing." Manly? I call it cowardly to form a *selfish* habit which makes boys and men herd together, away from their sisters and their sisters' friends; cowardly to form an *expensive* habit, which curtails one's charity, prevents prudent saving, and defrauds one of innocent amusement; cowardly to form an *uncleanly* habit, imparting an unpleasant odor to furniture and clothing; cowardly to form a *dangerous* habit to body and mind, often leading to drink and bad company. The boy who smokes is usually thin and pale. Tobacco smoking is useful only as a medicine to cure asthma.

After George's health was confirmed by farm work, he went to school till he was old enough to be apprenticed to business, and by his faithfulness to its smallest duties, such as sweeping out the store, to the latest day of his stay, much earlier than his neighbors, won the approval of his employers. It is not known whether he envied his four brothers who went to college. But though he made money as a merchant, and, if he failed in one way, had courage to try another, his love of souls and his love of God at last led him to his true calling; and in middle life, when most men lay down their burdens, he began to preach the gospel with power and with joy. He remembered when, at the age of three, his dear elder sister Ann took him Sunday afternoons into the big chimney-corner and told him sweet Bible stories; he did not forget how Rachel De Gilder, who lived in the family, loved her religion and lived it out. He said that never was he so deeply religious as when at the age of twelve he went apart to pray. But he was always religious. It pained him when people complained of the weather; to him it was always good, for it was God's weather. It pained him when men were ungrateful for daily bread, for did not the Heavenly Father give it to them? It pained him

most of all that so many seemed to live without God in the world. He read his Bible in youth and in age, not as a task, but with joy to learn the way of life. He loved to go to the schools, and talk with the children; he would give them spelling lessons by the roadside. When he could no longer walk abroad, when he could no longer read his big-printed Bible, he did not despair; he said, "I can still do a great work, I can *pray* for all." If he were here to speak to you, boys, he would say, "Lads, goodness is all that is of any worth. Make the most of your lives by obeying your parents and by fearing your God. Let no unclean thoughts pollute your minds, let no impure words stain your lips. Do not swear, do not smoke, do not drink. Do nothing that you would not wish your mother to know. Then you will have the joy of the life that now is, and the hope of the life to come."

For The Dayspring.

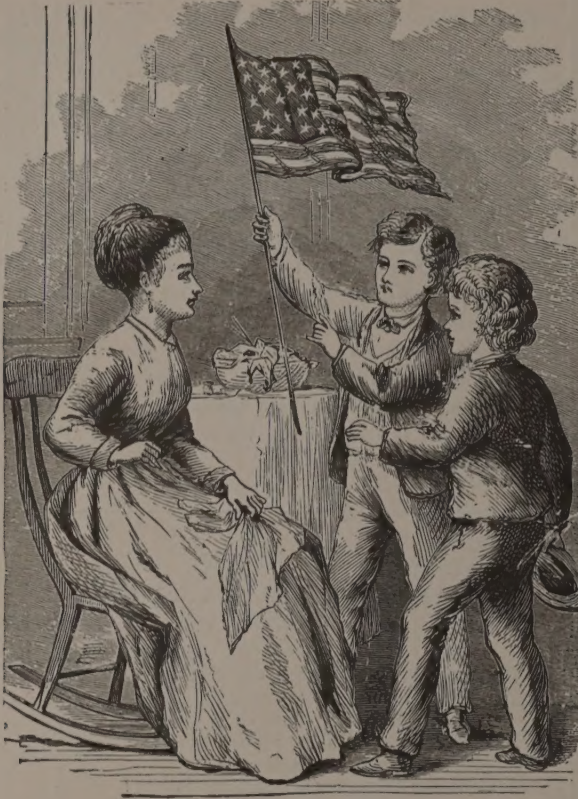
ENTOMOLOGICAL ALPHABET.

U.


OUR task grows harder and harder yet,
As we near the end of the Alphabet.
We come to-day to the letter U,
But what in the world are we now to do?
Of all the insects impaled on pins,
Is there one whose name that letter begins?
Of Daddy Long-Legs the children sing;
Why is there no *Uncle* — anything?
We turn to the insect-lists in print,
To see if they will give us a hint.
"Eureka!" (I have it!) the Greek sage said,
When the key to the problem flashed into his head;
And so I cried when it came to me
To celebrate the UPHOLSTERER-BEE.
They're a wonderful tribe, — the Upholsterer-bees;
They build in the hollow of rotten old trees;
With bits of rose-leaves they line their cell,
Which must give the honey a fragrant smell;
But the dove-tailed work must be a rare sight!
Without gum or glue it is made "honey-tight."
With jaws like scissors they cut and clip,
And circular bits from the rose-leaves snip.
Without any artificial tool,
Scale or compass, or line or rule,
They cut their ovals and rounds as true
As any geometer could do.
(The Poppy-bee's house is inwardly lined
With scarlet-poppy-leaves cunningly twined;
And thus it appears, the Upholsterer-bee
Has an eye both for form and color, you see.)
Pythagoras said (or whoever it was):
God works by geometric laws;
For who (the sage might ask) but He
Could guide the instinct of the Bee?
"Who else," his pious wonder cries,
"But God in the tiny thing's disguise
Could frame with such consummate art
A perfect work, in every part?"
Thus *thrice* * in our alphabet have we
Been taught high wisdom by the Bee.

C. T. B.

* Under B, D, & U.



THE FOURTH OF JULY.

 CHILDREN are now looking eagerly forward to the Fourth of July. It is a day in which boys take peculiar delight, because it is a day of noise, confusion, and glee, and they can help swell these to the extent of their ability. To most children, and to many older people, the day means nothing but fun. They do not stop to think that it is the day on which our national independence was declared, and that tender memories of the men who founded our nation and fought for its liberty, and hearty resolves that we will live for the country which they suffered so much to establish, are more appropriate than guns and fire-works.

The Bonny boys, whom you see in the picture, had a little more than two dollars to spend on Independence Day. We are glad to say they did not spend it all for cakes and candy and fire-crackers and pin-wheels, but a part of it for the beautiful flag which you see waving over their heads. This flag, they said, they could keep year after year in their room, and wave it from their window whenever a procession went by. They are showing it to their mother, and she is much pleased that they made so good a purchase. She is telling them about the flag, and in days to come will tell them much more.

For the Dayspring. TO THE CHILDREN.

Oh! I very often wonder
If the children ever heard
Any grumbling or complaining
From a little baby bird.

When his mother says, "Come, darling,
It is time to go to bed,"
Does he say, "*I am not ready*,"
And shake his naughty head?

Does he say, "*I am not tired*;
"*I will not go to sleep*;"
And scold and fret and grumble
And stamp his little feet?

Al, no; each baby robin
Within the mother nest
Goes to bed without a murmur
When his mother thinks it best.

And he wakes up bright and early
Just as happy as a king;
And you'll hear him just at sunrise
Trying very hard to sing.

But I know some little children
Who rather play instead,
Who are never even willing
Or glad to go to bed.

Take a lesson from the birdies
In their cunning little nest,
Always very bright and happy
And yet glad to go to rest.

AUNT CLARA.

NORTH ANDOVER, Mass.

For The Dayspring. A SONG OF HOPE.

Oh, what should we do in the winter
If a little bird did not sing,
Deep in the heart, low in the heart, —
"After the winter comes spring"?

Oh, what should we do in the darkness
If a little bird did not say,
Soft in the heart, sweet in the heart, —
"After the darkness comes day"?

Oh, what should we do in the tempest,
If the little bird should cease
Singing deep in the heart, low in the heart, —
"After the storm comes peace"?

MRS. M. G. BUTTS.

WESTERLY, R. I.

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